

THE
STRANGE FOR-
TUNE OF

Alerane:

OR,

My Ladies Toy.

By H. M. of the middle Temple
in London.

Tanti eris alijs, quanti tibi fueris.



Printed at London by V. S. for M. L.

1605.

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STRANGE FOR-

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By H. M. of the middle Temple
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Printed by J. Smith



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1700



To the Reader.

Ive not rash iudgement, on my rudeſt Toy,
For tis my firſt : Say well alſthough I ſwarve,
Diſpraiſe is evill, but for to praiſe tis ioy :
Helpe him with praiſe, that doth no praiſe deſerve:
Vnworthineſſe deſerveth laude alwayes,
For that which ſelles it ſelfe dooth neede no praiſe.

I give no leave to men, to reade my Booke,
My Toy is made to pleaſe the women kinde:
I give it them, ſee that you doe not looke
Vpon their Toy, which heere you written finde:
Some things there are, of which things this is one,
That none but women may them looke vpon.

If they will let you, I will let you too:
If they give leave, tis nothing vnto mee:
If they deny it, I ſay alſo no:
In all things I with Ladies doe agree:
O would I were worthy of that name of Ioy,
For to be calld, Her pretty little Toy.

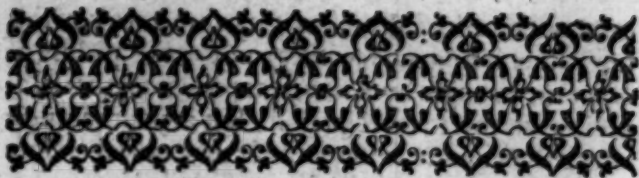
Yours as you like to take him,

H. M.

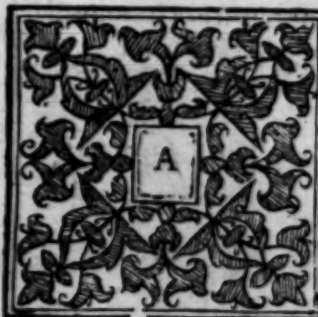
To the Reader.

Yours as you like to take him.

H. M.



To his singular good Ladies,
F. R. H. R. H. M. wisheth
all good increase.



Admired Ladies, as well
for your excellent ver-
tues; as your rare beau-
ties; I humbly intreate
your pardons before I
crave your Patronage,
deeme not I beseech you,
that this presumption of
mine, (namely) the resem-
blance of a Poet, hath ta-
ken his originall from any defect of your Ladiships in-
genies, or want of discretion to iudge betweene the
piping of *Pan*, and the musicke of *Apollo*; bettweene
that which is rude, and that which is exquisite, in
whom, there is no defect or want of acute and dis-
creete iudgement: But onely that it hath proceeded
from the aboundance of your patiences and curteous
promises, to all such as are indued with any sparke of
good literature, or have a desire to attaine to know-
ledge. For my part (sweete Ladies) I alwayes affected
Schollers, but every man cannot be learned, every Po-

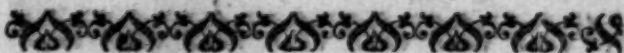
The Epistle.

et cannot be *Virgil*. I present therefore vnto you this my Paniphlet (kinde favorites) not as the picture of *Minerva*, wrought by *Fideas*, was presented; that is, as a thing worthy to be respected, but at your vacancie and fit oportunitie to be perused. As a trifle therefore to spend the time withall, I have entituled it (My Ladies Toy,) which I hope shall not be offensive eyther in Title or Tittle, in composing whereof, I have more aymed at the fulfilling of your pleasures, then any waies deserved popular applauses. Thus wishing to your Ladiships, the comfort of heaven, the contentment of heart, and the continuance of happinesse; in hope whereof, and prayer for which, I rest

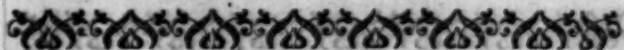
Your servant,

H: M.

My Ladies Toy.



A *Poete* that most wise and learned god, (best,
Did give this poesie, Second thoughts are
Which since 't is so, like Owle in Iuie tod
I hid my Muse, for tis the first I prest,
For had not I commanded beene to wright,
My Toy had slept, and none had seenie her sight.



For 't was my chance, oh happy chance of late,
To meete my Mistris at a royall feast,
Where dainties were in most abundant rate,
Yet of them all (alas) I fed the least:
For I did surfet on a daintie dish,
Which was more daintie, then my hart could wish.



And after dinner, when the feast was done,
Against all Reason and the rules of Ryme,
As I did gaze against this glorious Sunne,
She vs'd me as a Toy to passe the time:
Commanding me insteede of Cardes and Dice,
To tell some story of some stately price.

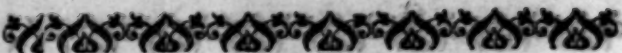
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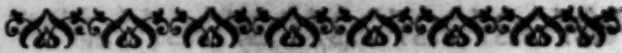


My Ladies Toy.



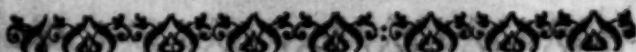
Even as the Schoole-boy which is set his taske,
And shew'd the manner of his Maisters will:
The matter must be of some Monarks maske,
In verse (forsooth) to try my slender skill.

God knowes (alas) before this time I crafe
In English tongue compos'd an idle verse.



Full glad I was to please my Mistris eare,
And yet full loth for to displease my selfe;
For many curious womens wits were there,
That much I fear'd to proove my Muse an elfe:

For on a suddaine womens wits are best;
Mens wits are dull, except they give them rest.

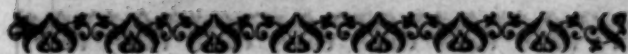


I crav'd their pardon ere I did beginne,
For sure I was that I should speake amisse,
As all men are, so apt am I to sinne,
Therefore (sweet Ladies) pardon him that is
Vow'd and devoted for to please your kinde,
Were but his skill concurring to his minde.

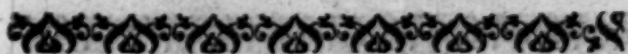
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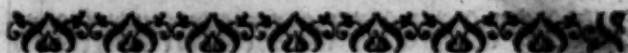
My Ladies Toy.



They promis'd pardon when I spake not well,
And with faire words they made it faire weathet:
My Ladies smiles did me intreate to tell
Some Ryme with Reason rashly ioy'n'd together:
My trembling tong gave thanks for my good cheere,
And on a suddaine spake this sequell heere.



Faire Ladies, since your pleasure is to passe
Away the time with Stories grave and fit,
I am not grave nor wise, my Silver's brasse,
My wit is willing, but my will wants wit:
Virgils verse, and one of *Tullies* imps,
Agreeth better with *Dianaes* Nimphs.



To speake divinely, t'is above my reach,
To speake of dutie, you know more then I,
To speake of dainties, heere you stay my speech,
To speake of doting, I ne're knew it, I:
But for to speake of things now most in fashion,
Art lovely Ladies of most milde condition.



My Ladies Toy.

Pan counts her lovely which doth make men love;
I say, She is lovely which doth love againe;
For if no plaints nor prayers her can moove,
She is not lovely, but a lowring Swaine:
Needes must I thinke she springs of savage kinde,
Whom no desires, love, or deserts, can binde.

We reade (*Avifa*) as reports the Writer,
We reade that *Lucrece* was pursude after;
T'is read in prose, but never yet in miter,
The *Saxons* storie of King *Othoes* daughter:
Daine with patience, if you please to reede,
T'is very strange, but yet t'is true indeede.

In antique time there was a *Saxon* King
Offamous memory, named *Charles* the Great,
Who was a Prince compleate in every thing,
All sorts of men he rightly did intreat:
His power, plentie, and his peace and praise,
This Princee to pride, no worldly pompe could raise.

This

My Ladies Toy.

This noble King was matched fortie yeeres,
To one *Matild* daughter of Duke de *Maine*,
Forty yeeres past, her belly princely peares,
And brings a child vnto olde *Charlemaine*:
As soone as he had seene his sweete facde boy,
As *Pirrhus* did, he fell downe dead for ioy.

This learnes vs (Ladies) that who wants an heire,
Yea, be she yong, or be she in the wane,
What e're she be, she ought not to dispaire,
A time may come to touch her maister veine:
As heere *Matilda* bringeth forth a sonne,
When all men thoght her finest threed was spunne.

Yea, tis a thing for to be mark't of all,
Those latter children which are borne so late,
How *love* infuses in those Infants small,
A kinde of height, or else a kinde of hate:
That all the world should highly them esteeme,
Or that the world of them should hardly deeme.

My Ladies Toy.

But that the Father for the Sonne should die,
The antient Father like the aged Tree,
Which when he sees yong braunches springing by,
He saith, Aduē, and growe good trees for mee:

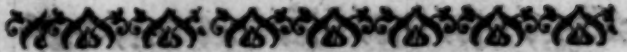
My time is gone, and yours is to come,
Rend vp my rootes, and plant yours in the rowme.

Were I a Twigge to see my fathers harmes,
His dying kindenesse would increafe my rage:
But out (alas) yooong trees, thinke older armes
Will top their twigs, and presse their tender age:
Some youth like twigs wold faine their frinds forgo,
Yet I, and *Otho*, never wished so.

Well to goe on, and tell my Story out,
The Father's dead, the Sonne is growing vp,
Who as in stature, so in State growes flowr,
He scornes *Synetes*, but takes *Xerxes* Cup:
So warrelike giv'n, that if hee stir'd his eie,
The *Saxon* souldiers would like *Sax* lie.


He

My Ladies Toy.



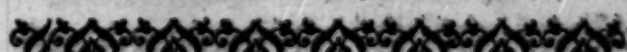
He was a man much fear'd and lov'd of All,
He would speake truly and vprightly both,
That when he spake, then was it saide of all,
If *Otho* speakes it, then it needes no oath:

His valour, venture, and his virtuc showne,
Made him belov'd where he was never knowne.



Thus when his prowesse and perfections
Divulg'd his long and everliving fame:
All *Europe*, *Asia*, and the worldes affections,
Did bowe in honour of King *Othoes* name:

Through all the world his praise so rare did ring,
That *Saba*-like they came to see this King.



As did his Credite, so his Court increasde,
As did his Crowne, so did his Comfort than,
He had no fault, his Fame for to decrease,
Pray marke the matter, and conceive the man:

There were three *Othoes*, but the third is he,
Which makes my tongue, r'will not contained be.

But



My Ladies Toy.

But see how Fortune tuineth vp and downe,
To make man famous in a world of fraude,
Vpon his head she ioynes a triple Crowne,
Saying, Haile King, to thy eternall laude:

If halfe a world set *Othos* praise on wing,
What may whole worlds then of our sov'raigne K?

Otho was noble, but not like to our
James, more commended, and of more command,
He ioyn'd three kingdomes, but our king ioyn'd foure,
Which shall be spoke of while the world doth stand:

Henry ioyn'd *Roles*, and king *Otho* *Reames*,
But foure great kingdoms were conioyn'd by *James*

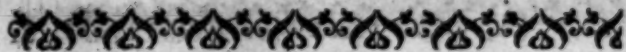
Hee's present with vs, what should I discusse?
His gallant vertues shall for ever live,
He gives vs honour, which sufficeth vs,
Otho gave gifts, but did no glorie give:

Though from my Tale I have awhile digrest,
Forgive me (Ladies) you shall heare the rest.

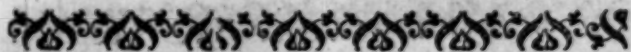
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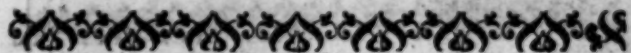
My Ladies Toy.



This noble *Otho* had not long beene match'd
To one *Ferrara*, which was faire and rare,
But had a daughter that did want no watch,
Till she discharg'd them of their painefull care:
The Sunne at noone day did her light deny,
Shaming to shew it, when this girle was by.



Even as the sun-shine in the summer bright,
Casts her reflection on the pale-fac'd wall,
Or as a Diamond by the candle-light,
Doth dimme the candle which gives light to all :
So at her preface all lights seem'd to dy,
That all night long thou needst no candle by.



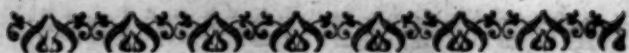
(*Adelasia*,) so they call her name,
Oh too too happy that her name was so;
She had such fortune, and she had such fame,
Thrice happy he, could *Adelasia* woo:
If Art together had agreed with Nature,
They could not make one of more faire feature.

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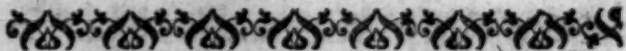
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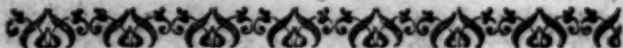
My Ladies Toy.



What should I stand for to define her parts,
I should defile them in defining them,
Refined words so oft from me departs,
That I want skill for to describe this Stem:
I thinke that *Venus* (if so say I may,)
Did strive with Fortune who should have the day.



Pray marke (faire Ladies) this same tale begunne,
How cruell Fortune crosse a guiltlesse Lambe,
Poore yong *Alerane*, Duke of *Saxons* sonne,
To *Othoes* Court, to be brought vp he came:
Who had not long beene there, but soar'd above,
And did conciliate every mans good love.

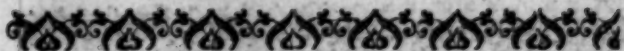


For as it chanced that the King did hunt,
On foote (alas) to try his bodies force,
Out comes a Beare, from whence no beast was wont,
Which on the King, would have had no remorse:
Had not stowt *Alerane* then have kill'd the Beare,
The Beare had kill'd his King and Maister there.

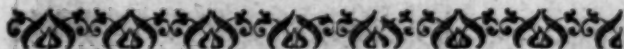
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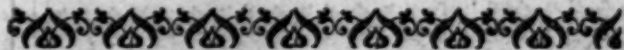
My Ladies Toy.



You see how fortune hath allotted so,
That some man shall have meane enough to rise,
Had not *Alerane* chanced then to go,
The King had never lov'd him in such wise:
When he did this, the story plaine appeares,
He was of age, no more then seaventeene eares.



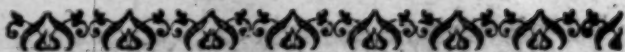
As to (*Alerane*) his love did increase,
So *Aleranes* love, to *Adelasia* grew,
And *Adelasia* had the same disease,
For his report did make her love renew:
Whose vertue so enslam'd her tender hart,
Yet durst not this betweene themselves impart.



For well she wot, if that her father did
Perceive the least apparance of their love,
He should be headed for his love that's hid,
Or from his place should have a wrong remove:
For he might thinke it were against all right,
Yet am not worthy of so brave a wight.

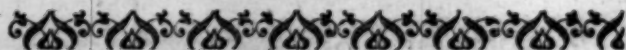


My Ladies Toy.

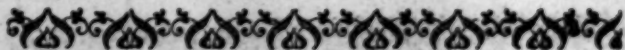


But see how *Cupid* like a cruell (*Caine*,)
Doth change faire daies, and makes it frowning wea-
These Princes ioyes, he over-cast with paine, (ther:
For t'was not likely they should match together :

By this we see, that *Cupid* seeth not,
For he is blinde which gives so blinde a lot.



/ Who hideth fire to extinguish it,
It seekes (we see) to shew it selfe the more;
Who hides his love within his bosoms pit,
T'will breake the walls, or make him ope the dore:
T'is like a surfet, which ist breake not out,
It kills the Patient, be he ne're so stowt.

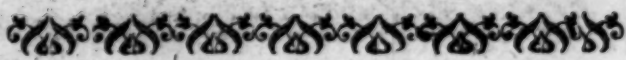


What may it doe then to a tender Prince,
Whom love made loyable to his lustfull lawes?
If one might iudge before, or ever since,
It did consume her like *Calipson* strawes:
Which straws did pine as holy *Delphon* pleas'd,
So pin'd this Princeesse, till her minde was eas'd.

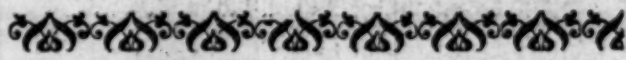
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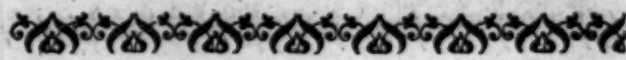
My Ladies Toy.



In haste therefore she opes her chamber dore,
And calls *Radeagon* to come to her strait,
For I in straits, and ne're so straight before,
Am caught (quoth she) oh heare a thing of weight;
But keepe it secret as thy heart within,
Teach me to end, or learne me to begin.

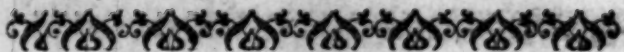


Then like a leafe, at blasts of westerne wind,
Her tongue did tremble, and her body quak't,
As though her soule, her inward place resign'd,
She could not speake, but still she stood and shak't:
Which then perceiving, she beganne to weepe,
Speake Prince (quoth she) I will thy secrets keepe.

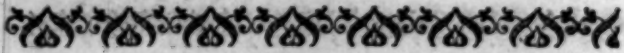


Radeagon, I have alwaies found thee iust,
Now be not false to her which meanes too true,
My dolefull state to thee declare I must,
Be iust (sweete maid) my heart too much doth rue:
I was a Queene which yet did never crave,
But now no Princeesse, but am *Cupids* slave.

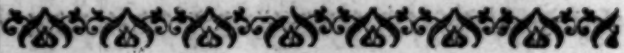
My Ladies Toy.



His fable sute, and his arrest I feele,
Distracts my senses, and disturbes my soule;
That *Ixion*-like, in hell I turne the wheele,
Or *Sisiphs* stone from steepe mountaine roule:
Thou feltst his force, let thy experience teach,
To free me captiue, caught by *Cupids* reach.

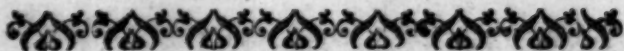


Then (quoth *Radegon*) heare sweete Ladie mine,
When I was wounded with his golden Dart,
No salve could save me from the *Psiches* signe,
Till he which hurt me helpt and heald my hart:
So must your Grace receive some grace from him,
Or else you perill both your life and limbe.

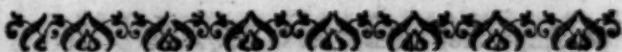


Alas (quoth shee) it is yong *Aleran*,
Who (as I thinke) doth love me not at all,
And I too yong as yet to love a man:
Oh, why did *Cupid* make me love so small:
Besides all this, we women dare not speake,
Although for love our hearts are like to breake.

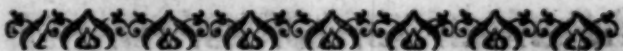
My Ladies Toy.



I am forie Lady (quoth *Radegon* then)
That from your selfe you seeme so much to swerve:
Must you choose him above all other men,
To have that place which none but Kings deserve:
Oh peace (quoth she) for *Cupids* sight is dimme,
I'll have him (Lady) though I begge with him.



Well (quoth *Radegon*) this too farre is spent,
My poore perswasion commeth all too late;
Yet this I knowe, your Fathers Scepters rent
Will raise a beggar to a Kings estate:
What pleasest you, doth also make me smile,
He shall come to you, and conferre a while.

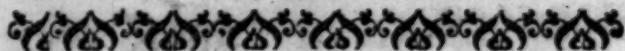


And if you finde his speach comes from his hart,
And with salt teares doth manifest his love,
Then vow you will not from his love depart,
But from the Court in haste your selves remove:
For ift be knowne to Queene or King,
The Court shall rue it, and the Country ring.

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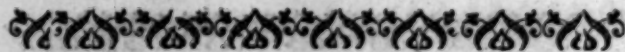


My Ladies Toy.

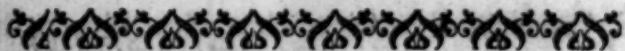


In haste *Radegon* went to seeke her boy,
Whose fansie also was with frenzie fed,
Whom when she found him, and did tell this ioy,
His face put on an Elementall red:

Let's goe (quoth he) for till I see my deere,
Every houre I doe thinke a yeere.



And when he came to the ascending staires,
Which leades the way vnto his Paradise;
He falleth prostrate, and there makes his praier,
And the colde steppes he kisseth twise or thrie:
Beseeching there those seely senslesse powers,
To pray for him, and for his happy howers.

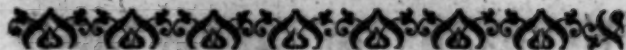


When hee approached to her presence nie,
He kneeleth downe, and did her favour crave:
Kneele not to me: then quoth the Princeesse by,
My knees are made for thee, I am thy slave:
Thou hast my heart, none shall have me, but thee,
Let's leave the Court before this noted be.

They



My Ladies Toy.



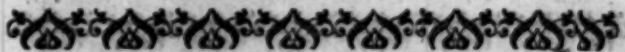
They plight'd their troth, and to *Radego* swore,
She should be his, and he her owne would bee,
And did addresse them like to Pilgrymes pore,
To spend the time, till *Otho* pleas'd they see:

I will (quoth she) for thee all paines approve,
I'll loose my life, before I'll loose thy love.



Thus these two Princes in a moone-shine night,
Did leave the King and all his royall Court,
And wandred long vntill their purse was light,
Then were they left in very greecvous sort:

Poore little Princes were constrain'd to crave,
Those things, before which they did scorne to haue.



Oh see how love doth dulcerate all grieve,
Their dolefull travell in the drowisie night,
They were contented with their loves reliefe:
But in the morning when they mist this wight,
The Court lamented and the King did frowne,
Saying that *Alerane* had destroy'd his Crowne.

most W

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Otho



My Ladies Toy.

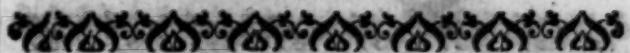
Otho proclaim'd in all his market townes,
That what he was of them could tidings bring,
He should have giv'n him fifteene hundred crownes,
But yet of them no newes was brought the King:
For in the desarts on *Lyguria* side,
In darke some forrests there themselves did hide.

Necessitie, the Mistris of all Artes,
Did learne them there to vse a Colliers trade,
And Nature also taught those little harts,
To dresse their pittes, and how the coales were made:
Thus made he coales, and trudg'd about for pelfe,
And yet was forced to content himselfe.

This *Saxon* Courtier carri'd sackes of coales]
Vpon his necke, about from towne to towne,
And in their ground they drest vp certaine holes,
And there they dwelt till Fortune ceasde to frowne:
As he to market on a time was gone,
Shee was deliv'ed of a goodly sonne.

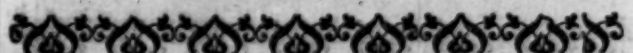
Whom

My Ladies Toy.

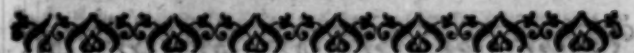


Whom they nam'd *William*; as this childe did grow,
They brought him vp to be a Colliar too,
For leav'nteene yeeres he there such see'de did sowe,
That ev'ry yeere she brought him one or two.

These faire Colliars had so fowle a trade,
That their white skins were cleane contrary made.

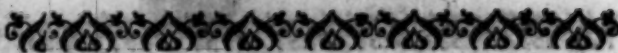


Thus to the sonne, it chauncde the father spake,
And sent his sonne to sell some coales hard by,
Who with his money strait did buy a hawke,
And brought it home : which when his father spie,
He did rebuke him, and told him, such things
Became no Colliars, but were fit for Kings.



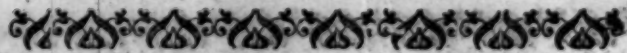
And afterwards, when yeeres did wit afford,
Agaïne he sent him for to sell his ware,
Who as before, so now he bought a sword,
And home he brings it to his father there:
Which when he sees, his eies like springs did runne,
Saying, Hard fortune had much wrong'd his fortune.

My Ladies Toy.

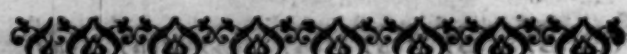


Heere marke, I pray, Dame Natures deepe instinct,
His birth could not conceale his noble blood,
His parents poorenes, nor the place distinct,
But shine it would, for no oblivious floud

Could him obscure, or make him leave to bee
A Prince of Kingdomes more then two or three.



Oh who would thinke, vnlesse one see it so,
That Nature workes thus in the heart of man,
His blood did make him his blacke Art forgo,
He scorn'd the Moore-bird, but did love the Swanne:
He left his Dad, and had such happy doles,
Which made his heart he could not carry coales.

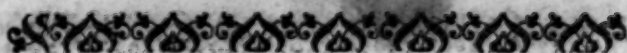


About this time there was a true report,
That th'Hungarians had besieg'd a Towne,
Thither comes *Otho*, from his royall Court,
And brings great ayde, for he did owe the Towne:
William no sooner heard their warlike drummes,
But takes his sword, and to the Towne he comes.

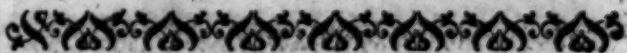
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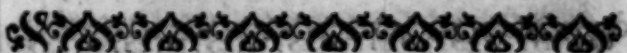
My Ladies Toy.



There shewed hee valour of a worthy man,
For when the king had overcome their fort,
There was an Almaine challeng'd any man
To fight with him, to shew the King some sport:
Then forth steps *William* with his sword and shield,
And there before them made him flie the field.



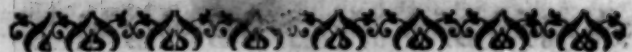
Eternall credite was this *Williams* fee,
The King did call him to come neere his sight,
Mee thinkes (quoth he) this souldier looks like me,
For in my youth I had his favour right: (wonne
From whence come you that you such fame have
I am (quoth he) a sory Colliers sonne.



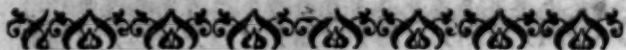
Where dwells your Father, saith this noble King:
Tell me his name, and where he vseth most,
I will preferre him to some better thing,
And make thee captaine of some mightie hoste:
Goe bid thy parents vnto me resort,
Evn for thy sake I'll place them neere the Court.



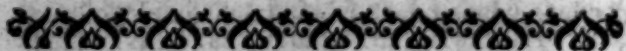
My Ladies Toy.



I have heard (great King) my parents fled their parts,
And ranne to dwell among those lightlesse trees,
Where *Fauni* museth, and *Sylvani* mantes,
There do they worke like to the weary Bees:
Which brings home hony to their hollow hive,
And yet (poore soules) they cannot learne to thrive.



But I (may't please your Grace to heare)
Their wicked childe, and haughty harted sonne,
Did scorne their Spade, and did delight the Speare,
I left them strait, when I did heare the gunne:
And came to you; in warres is my delight,
My hart me thinkes would have my hands to fight.

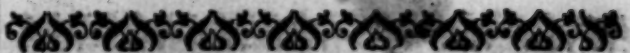


The King did view him, and did much suspect
He was the sonne of his poore daughter gone:
He calles lord *Gunford* vnto this effect,
To goe with him, and bring his parents on:
By his report, they are those little elves,
Which fled for feare, and there did hide themselves.

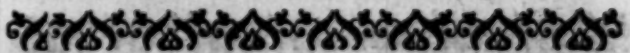
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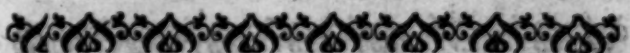
My Ladies Toy.



When *Gunford* and his sonne came neere his Cell,
They sawe this Colliar Prince a loading wood,
His sonne lamenting, on his knees he fell,
Craving his blessing, Oh pardon father good:
Thy wicked sonne forgetting God and thee,
Forsooke his father in extremitie.



Welcome (quoth he) I pardon thy offence,
And if thy comming be as good as glad:
For *Gunfordes* sight doth much disturbe my sence,
I feare the King doth knowe of me my Lad.
With that comes *Gunford*, and salutes this Moore,
Saying, He ne're sawe Prince crie coales before.

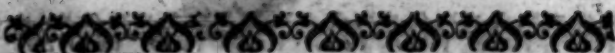


I am glad (my Lord) I sweare by heavens oth,
To see you safe: where is my Princeesse trimme?
The King is pleased, and appeased both,
And hath sent me to bring you both to him:
He bid me tell you, if I found you out,
He means your good, he wold not have you doubt.

They

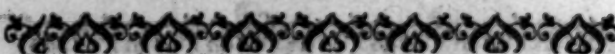


My Ladies Toy.



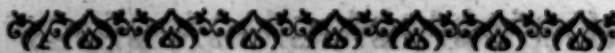
They left their cottage, and their coales and caves,
And like no Colliers, but like Princes brave,
They tooke their iourney : As they went she craves,
That she of *Gunford* there the trueth might have:

Tis true (saith hee) for vnto you I vow,
I will not faine, nor faile my Lord and you.



No sooner were they come, but even as soone,
The King did meeete them with exceeding ioy,
Swearing by heavens, the stars, the sunne, and moone,
Welcome my sonne, my daughter, and my boy:

Who hath my Image, and for your sonnes sake,
I will you both vnto my favour take.



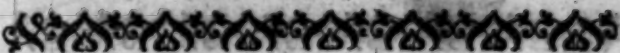
Then down they kneel'd, & out these words did weep,
We thanke your Grace, that you such mercy shew,
For we deserve not once to come, or creep,
To have your blessing like the morning dew:

But if our lives will get your love againe,
Kinde King, commaund one for to kill vs twaine.

No,

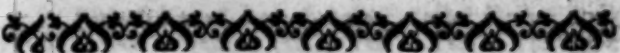


My Ladies Toy.



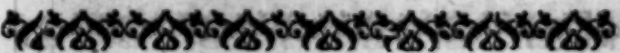
No no, my children, if my life will serve,
To die for you when you for me should die,
From you I will not, though from me you swarve,
But keepe you as the apple of my eie:

Nothing more grieues me, when on you I looke,
Than your hard fortunes, which you kindly tooke.



Ill lucke and chance needes must that man indure,
Which strives with Fortune, and would her restraine,
Hee spurnes gainst prickes, and can no good procure,
Vnlesse his patience make her practise vaine:

To grudge thereat, it booteth not at all,
To seeke to shunne her wayward whirling ball.



How many Princes Fortune turnes to shame,
Hellena, Creta, yea great *Ioue* above,
Medea also that same furious Dame,
Did humble homage to the force of love:

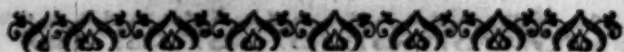
These fled their Countries as you Princes did,
Ioue fled from heav'n, and left his *Iuno*s bed.

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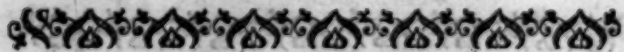


My Ladies Toy.



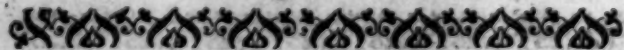
No marvell then if you, weake flesh and blood,
Did leave your countries for to live with love,
When th'immortall gods which knowes what's good,
Do yeeld to love; and leaves their thrones above:

Muse not (sweete wench) if *Cupids* force be such,
Why men and women daily love so much.



It is no marvell (sweete daughter deere)
If love did pierce your yong and tender hart,
The smallest touch doth cracke the cristall cleere,
The sweetest wine turnes taste at length to tarte:

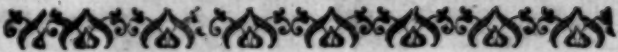
Yet take no care, for thou shalt live in state,
Do not as *Troyans*, which repent too late.



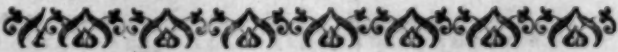
Thus did he summon all his chieftest Peeres,
To celebrate his daughters nuptiall day:
Their eldest sonne he made him Duke of *Gleizes*,
Their second sonne was Marquesse of *Salay*,
The third of *Bosco*, which stil beares the name,
Those which have travell'd can report the same.



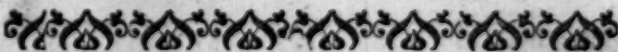
My Ladies Toy.



Well, when the King had set them both in state,
And all their children plac'd in their degree,
Olde *Otho* dies, having liv'd out his date,
And as next heire, and by the heav'ns decree,
Those mighty kingdomes and imperiall crownes,
Possess these Princes to their high renownes.



Thus have I (Ladies) finish't your request,
Yet not so fully pleas'de your curious cares,
Though most vnworthie, yet among the rest,
Receive this Pamphlet which lookes pale with feares:
For your tuition will defend my Muse,
From *Esops* Dogge, and from all *Momus* crewes.



'Tis hard to please the world, tis growne so coy,
How many men, so many mindes there bee:
Rebuke him Madam, who deludes your Toy,
'Tis made for Ladies, not for Lordes to see:
For these same *Zoyles* are like *Zewxes* Grapes,
Which make faire shews, & are but painted shapes.

Carpere, vel noli nostra, vel ede tua.

Finis.

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